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The Commonweal

November 3, 1950

Bianchi, Count and Comrade

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

McCarran's Blunderbuss

CHRISTOPHER EMMET

Tommy Lewis of the Bronx

JOHN C. CORT

The Case of Mr. Hemingway

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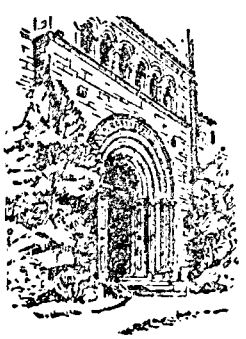

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The Forty-Three Billions

SENATOR Harry F. Byrd and his House-Senate Committee on federal expenditures have come up with a total for this country's foreign aid between VJ day and June 30, 1951. It is $42,591,000,000. There are several ways of looking at this figure. One is to divide it by the total population; the result is $283 per inhabitant, spread over a period of six years.

There is, at the outset the impact on the family budget. Higher taxes are what first come to mind. And at the very time that the government is taking more in income taxes, the dollar itself is losing value (in large part because of our foreign expenditures). The pinch on those with small salaries or fixed incomes is particularly acute.

On the other hand foreign aid has kept our economy going at a good pace—so far, at least. The dire predictions of widespread postwar unemployment and Russian expectations of a new American depression have been thwarted. The Marshall Plan and other foreign programs, providing an insatiable market for our products similar to war, have helped keep the United States prosperous.

Of the sum appropriated, five-sixths was for economic, as distinguished from military, purposes. Yet it has had strategic results. It has prevented Communist revolutions in such countries as Italy and France. It has had a lot to do with bringing all Western Europe toward economic, political and military union. So that when the Korean crisis came, there was enough backbone in many countries to support UN defense of South Korea. This in turn has opened the way for the United Nations to become an effective agency for preserving peace the world over. If so, these billions have been well spent.

There is another angle from which to view large American expenditures for foreign aid. It is from the vantage point of living standards. Higher taxes and devalued money constitute one means whereby American citizens narrow the gulf between their own average living standard, and the poverty which besets the great bulk of our contemporaries. We contribute to it grudgingly. Were it not for the challenge of Soviet Russia, we should probably be contributing very little as a nation, toward raising foreign living standards.

Prosperity in a single country—even in the United States—can be but short-lived when all others are in want. And how, as individual Christians, can we countenance living on the fat of the land when our fellow-men go naked and hungry and shelterless?

SENATOR BYRD'S committee report was presented to the papers without comment. But in view of the Senator's consistent efforts on behalf of government economies, it is more than plausible to assume that citizens are supposed to be startled at having spent so much.

If, however, we are to be realistic about comparative living standards and a sound long-term basis for opposition to Communism or any other foreseeable disruptive forces, these expenditures will seem comparatively modest. They have not interfered with domestic purchases of new cars and television sets in unpredecented millions. They have not prevented the building of millions of comfortable new homes. Even when added to vast new military expenditures, they have not interfered with a national diet noted for its rich and high-caloried foods.

In fact the sums we have thus far expended for the protection of our well-cushioned form of existence will have to be greatly amplified—and the cost to the well-fed American family much increased. Point IV on its present scale is but a beginning. The vast sums we are sequestering for arms will be of small avail unless at the same time we contribute heavily to bring the average for non-American living standards within range of our own.

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• NEXT WEEK •

DONALD ATTWATER devotes his dispatch from England to London's East End, the home of a great conglomeration of nations and races. The influx began in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with the Huguenots fleeing from France. Later came large groups of Irish and of Spanish, Polish and Russian Jews.

Mr. Attwater tells how a local Council of Citizens combats racial prejudice and develops harmony and mutual respect.

Meet and Just

IT TAKES awhile, and then one day the American kid starts to get the idea. For some it comes sooner than for others, and there is a small group who never seem to get the idea, even after they are grown up and going to the polls. But for the great majority the idea of political freedom and civil liberty eventually takes root.

Maybe the day a fifth-grade teacher first talks about the Constitution, maybe on a Fourth of July when some windbag stands in the town square and rolls off his tongue the beliefs that men have fought and died for, maybe it comes suddenly in a country across the sea where men and women have been hunted and hated because they believed this or that, said this or that—and in this case, the young American is usually in uniform and lonely. Or it may hit during the newsreel in a darkened theatre because the camera lighted on some face here at home shining with belief or on another someplace else that is shadowed with fear or suspicion; the seed might even be sown by the calculated words of some Madison Avenue huckster talking about American freedom and soft drinks (as theology has been taught by frauds). There are all kinds of Americans, and each of them has to get the idea for himself in his own way. Most do.

THE American idea is a big one. Like all big ideas—like Christianity itself—it often seems to be shrivelled by small men more interested in using it than living by it. It has sometimes been incredibly cheapened by bargain-rate patriots' equating it with their bank-rolls or their petty hatreds. It has been weakened by sudsy sentimentalists and caricatured by sloganeers. The idea is forever taking a beating here where it is most highly honored and is perpetually threatened from abroad. But while it is kept alive, as long as even a few are holding on to it, things could be worse. Because it is the idea, more than the spacious skies, the amber waves or the fruited plains, that makes us what we want to be, and is our pride.

It is bigger than we, individual Americans, are, and the temptation to reduce it to size is always present. We are always having to reach for it. Maritain says that the idea, directly fathered by a group of noble Deists and 18th century rationalists, is a result of currents released by the preaching of Christianity.

All these things a man thinks of when he reads that the US Government is rounding up political

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dissidents (even when the dissidents are Communists), canceling visas and detaining visitors on Ellis Island.

It would be easier if a man could say that all this is foolish and unnecessary, the result of fear and hysteria, and demand that it cease, in the name of the American idea. But there *is* the Communist conspiracy to reckon with; there is no denying the Communists' assault on the American idea itself and their traitorous trueness to that other idea forever opposed to ours. There's no getting around that.

A man—even a man who remembers the GI's kissing the earth when they landed back in the United States, who has memories of the radicals taunting the police in Columbus Circle, like the atheist with the pocket-watch tempting the goodness of God—knows that it is no longer simple. There are dangers to be faced, and the McCarran bill in its inept fashion is trying to meet them. How effectively to meet the danger without doing violence to the American idea is the real question. An editorial on that would involve technicalities and practical this's and that's. But that is another editorial.

This week, when the first political arrests were made, the time seemed ripe for saying something about the American idea itself. It seemed to be the hour to remind Americans that they have nothing more precious to lose; to tell others that an American doesn't like it when he sees any political group, even Communists, going to jail. However necessary, however convinced he is that there is nothing else to do, the sight of it rubs an American the wrong way. It is a sadness, not a satisfaction.

The Mousetrap

THERE is one effective bit of line-play in football that is known as the mousetrap. It involves drawing an enemy lineman through an apparently undefended hole in one's own line, and then blocking him out of action in one direction while the ballcarrier arrives from the other direction and goes through the place where said lineman should have been. This brief chalk-talk has its place here because there are political maneuvers that resemble the mousetrap, and the people of the Western nations are right now being invited through that ominously undefended hole in the line.

At Lake Success, Russia has been repeatedly urging new negotiations between the Western Big Three and the Soviet Union. "The record," Mr. Malik has said, "shows that if there was no agreement yesterday or today, there may well be agreement tomorrow. Let us find a path toward it." Syria and Iraq took Mr. Malik up and proposed Big Five talks.

On the 22nd, the news came from Prague that the foreign ministers of the Cominform countries had a plan for the unification of Germany. The four occupying powers were to outlaw German rearmament, and a constitutional council with "balanced" representation from Eastern and Western Germany would be called to prepare for the establishment of what the Cominform, with semantic roman candles, called "an interim, democratic, peace-loving, all-German sovereign government."

On the 23rd, Mr. Vishinsky made a speech in which he remarked, in an offhand way, that the Soviet Union was willing to have an international atomic control agency "carry out special investigation whenever and wherever there are suspicions . . . [about violations of] the prohibition of atomic weapons." And he added, again in a conspicuously offhand manner, that naturally the investigations could not be vetoed and could be launched "even without any motive at all . . . just because [the agency] likes to [investigate]."

There have been stories from Western Europe about another change in the tactics of Communist unions. Now, it is said, they are quieting their attacks on the Christian and Socialist unions, and are trying to bring about common action.

Finally, at the UN, Mr. Malik has agreed to talk informally about a Japanese peace treaty.

Each of the individual pieces in this collection can be given a short-range meaning. But there is an over-all meaning to all of them. They are a calculated strategy to interfere with mounting Western unification and rearmament. They aim to hurt the economic balance of the Western European community. They are intended to draw the United States and its allies into prolonged and fruitless negotiations on the various single disagreements between the East and the West. Once again to blow upon the dulling hopes of the Western people, who don't want war, and don't want the terrible burdens of rearmament. They are to draw Germany from the verge of its final commitment to the Atlantic community, tantalizing it once again with promises of unity and national identity.

The Western statesmen have treated these moves for what they are worth — agreeing to talk honestly, if unhopefully, as long as the So-

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viets have anything to offer. Western German officials have pointed out the hypocrisy in the Prague statement. But these leaders must have popular support, and the Soviet moves are good propaganda, not simply diplomacy.

It is extremely hard always to discount the easy solutions that are offered us, and to stick by the arduous jobs of reconstruction and rearmament. It is dangerous to ourselves always to suspect, to distrust. But individual citizens must take it upon themselves to think it through, and to see for themselves that the tough way in this crisis is actually the only way.

Service for All

JUST about a decade ago, a military draft was the big issue of the day in the US. Americans, for whom militarism was still a dirty word, didn't take to the idea of conscription easily. At the last minute President Roosevelt's program was passed in Congress by a very slim majority. Pro- and anti-conscription arguments were heatedly carried on in all kinds of circles, treated from every angle. Then, after the draft laws went into effect, the men went off to the camps, and eventually to the wars, and they have been going ever since. Some fifteen to twenty millions in all.

Conscription proved to be neither the deathblow to American freedom that its opponents predicted nor the great moral and health boon to American youth that its advocates promised. It proved to be merely an efficient and fairly democratic way to get young men to do the things that young men had to do—to provide a military force for the US capable of defeating the enemy. Given the fact of war and the rumors of war and accepting them—as the pacifist refuses to do—conscription seems unavoidable. Without general conscription, invented by Napoleon, modern wars wouldn't, it is true, be modern wars. So to reject conscription is to reject modern wars—the winning of them at any rate. But very few Americans are ready to do that. The peacetime draft seems to be here to stay, at least for the duration of this frigid peace.

Plans are under way to broaden the scope of the present draft. The Universal Military Service plan (not to be confused with UMT, Universal Military Training) which is sponsored by Senator Lyndon Johnson, would include all American youths—except the insane or the bed-ridden—for service in the military branches, for civil-defense training, or for schooling in defense-industry skills. Under the plan a young man when he finishes high school, or at least by the age of 20, would be required to serve for one or two years in the way he was best fitted.

The plan will be presented to Congress when it re-convenes. Opposition is expected from college educators, chronic opponents of conscription and the supporters of other draft programs.

The United States may have to be a garrison state for a long time. This sweeping plan is further indication, if any be needed, that whether we like it or not, the cold war is real and if we want to win it, as with all wars, we have to pay the exorbitant price.

One Play at Chequers

TO PROJECT one's self into the minds of others is never child's play. It is one of those *desiderata* Americans are taught by their high school English teachers, by Emily Post, and Dale Carnegie. It is one of those secrets of practical success, whether the object be to put over is a youthful description of some object, a pleasant personality or a profitable sales idea.

The inefficacy of assuming that others see things just as we do is beautifully conveyed in one of Winston Churchill's current chapters on the war, now appearing in the New York *Times* and in *Life*. He is telling of Mr. Molotov's visit to England in the spring of '42 to conclude a twenty-year treaty of peace and friendship. Mr. Churchill placed his own estate of Chequers at the Russians' disposal.

Here is one of their reactions to Churchill's hospitality: "Extraordinary precautions were taken for Molotov's personal safety. His room had been thoroughly searched by his police officers, every cupboard and piece of furniture and the walls and floors being meticulously examined by practiced eyes. The bed was the object of particular attention; the mattresses were all prodded in case of infernal machines, and the sheets and blankets were rearranged by the Russians so as to leave an opening in the middle of the bed out of which the occupant could spring at a moment's notice. . . . At night a revolver was laid out beside his dressing gown and his dispatch case."

What could better indicate the atmosphere of terror and suspicion from which the Russian leaders come? To appreciate this as it is would seem to be a necessary starting point for the important task of understanding them.

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Bianchi, Count and Comrade

"Up in a villa—down in the city" with an aristocratic Communist

By GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

COUNT Ranuccio Bianchi-Bandinelli is one of the most widely known landowners in Tuscany. He can trace his family back to the time of Dante; it includes one pope, Alexander III. He is a *grand seigneur* and a great scholar. He divides his time between his work for the Italian Communist Party, his duties as master of a beautiful estate and his career as one of Italy's outstanding archeologists. As he sees it, there are no contradictions involved in all this.

We had tea on the lawn in front of his castle. The sun was setting over the greyish green of the olive groves on the hills around Bandinelli's estate and the darker green of the nearby cypresses. It was a pretty setting. Our conversation was interrupted by an old woman servant, so neatly dressed in black and white, so perfectly trained that she seemed to have stepped out of some old novel. She moved noiselessly toward Count Bandinelli, the landlord, and announced a visitor in a low voice. "Comrade Bianchi," she addressed him, "Comrade Perretti has just arrived and is waiting for you."

While I waited for his return I admired his open-air theatre, which was framed by huge old cypresses, where Vittorio Alfieri's plays had been produced for the first time more than 150 years ago, and I watched the white oxen on the hills slowly draw cartloads of grapes to the wine presses. Chianti, where the best Italian wines are produced, is not far away. At lunch earlier I had an opportunity to learn for myself that Count Bandinelli's own old wines, poured from dusty bottles and served in beautiful silver cups, are comparable to the best Burgundy or Bordeaux.

The Comrade Perretti who had been announced by the old woman had come to fetch the landlord — "Comrade Bianchi" — to a Communist meeting in the neighborhood. Tuscany is one of Italy's red provinces. In even the smallest villages half the population calls itself Communist. Comrade Perretti finally appeared on the lawn with the Count. Perretti was thin, dark. He had the characteristic cold "Communist look" if you watched him closely, and offered quite a contrast to the landlord's gentlemanly appearance. Ranuccio Bianchi-Bandinelli looks a little like Charles Boyer, the film star, only much stouter.

Comrade Perretti, blacksmith by profession, was in a hurry. He was on a one-day leave from a course on Marxist theory and training given at the headquarters of the party in Siena The course is so intense that the students, specially picked from all over the province, have to sleep and take their meals at the school.

★

CASTELNUOVO is the name of the village where Count Bandinelli went to deliver his speech. The whole place and the surrounding hills belong to Prince Chigi-Albani, the bearer of several traditional Vatican dignities. From a balcony covered with red flags, Bandinelli immediately attacked the land reforms planned and practiced by the Christian Democratic Government. The reforms have been applied only on a very small scale, he said, repeating the Communist slogans, and even if they were wholeheartedly applied to the fullest extent, they would still be a mere drop in the ocean. The situation in the USSR is different, he went on. He had been there again lately and he had seen for himself. In the eastern European People's Democracies it was the same thing. There capitalism on the land had been wiped out completely. The establishment of collective farms would prevent its ever rising again. The farmers and farm laborers listening to him seemed delighted to hear this. Coming from the lips of a big landowner, it was doubly appreciated. After the Count finished, they shouted wildly and clapped their hands.

After dinner that evening two farmers and one farm laborer came to the Bandinelli castle in order to have one of their regular talks with "Comrade Bianchi." They were elected representatives of the 110 workers on the estate, all of whom are Communists. I found them in one of the marvelous halls filled with old paintings, frescoes and priceless objets d'art. They were

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leaning over the last month's accounts, discussing them with Bandinelli. He introduced the men as his "heirs." He has already decided that they, and not his two pretty daughters, are going to take over all the land—*on one condition*, and that is that they drive the capitalistic devil out of their bodies and souls and, as soon as possible, turn the estate into a collective farm or Russian-style *kolkhoz*. He is preparing them carefully for this.

A well-known snag with land reforms in all Communist countries is that the farmers eagerly accept the first alluring phase of it: the breaking up of the great estates into small allotments of which they are declared owners. But they resist fiercely when the land reforms enter into the second and final stage—that is, when the land is taken from them again and they are supposed to form a collective. Count Bandinelli wants to avoid this with his estate, and he is preparing his "heirs" accordingly. The three representatives there that evening declared that they were already collective-minded, but they recognized nevertheless that most of the farmers in Tuscany showed interest only in the first stage of the agrarian reform. The reason might be, they said, that these farmers don't usually have masters and guides like "Comrade Bianchi." Thanks to him, they hoped to be among the first in the province to reach the collective stage; maybe, when the time came, they would be the very first.

★

AFTER the "heirs" had left and the pretty young daughter served drinks and left us alone in Bandinelli's studio, which was filled with books from the floor to ceiling, I could not help asking him what *she* thought. He said that she had absolute confidence in her father, who loves her and—she knows—prepares everything in the best possible way for her.

'Don't think that I am a philanthropic crank," Count Bandinelli told me. "What I am doing has no merit in my eyes and is by no means original. I am simply foreseeing the future and I act realistically according to what I see, that's all. The other landowners in Tuscany and all over Italy, in their blind opposition to the claims of the farm workers are, the way I see it, unrealistic. Most likely the future will show that I, and not they, have taken measures in time, quite independently of my Communist views. We Communists are very numerous in Italy. Despite our weaknesses we are so well organized compared to our tougher and stronger political enemies that sooner or later the country is bound to become a Communist people's republic."

I couldn't refrain from reminding him that even the Communist leaders in Italy have been forced to recognize the growing strength of the anti-Communist front. The anti-Communist police and army total up to a quarter million well-armed and well-trained men.

He admitted that but pointed out that the question had to be seen from a *European* viewpoint. The majority of Europeans are convinced by now that the race for armaments will produce another world war, as armament races always have, he said. If the Russians are going to win on the Continent, the victory of the Italian Communists is of course a sure thing. But the strange thing is that even if the Western Allies should win, the destruction and misery caused by the coming war will be so terrific, the discrepancies between rich and poor will be so appalling, that it will breed more social unrest. And this unrest will favor Communism. Every war since Karl Marx has in the long run favored Communism. So in either case the Communists can look forward to the coming war with confidence, even if the war in itself is going to be terrible. They are very strong now and a war will in any case make them yet stronger. As for the quarter-million police and military, Bandinelli went on, they will disappear and escape as soon as the Red Army gets moving. "Believe me, they will. I know them."

★

"AS YOU can see," he told me, "I am just trying to foresee the future as well as a human is able to, and I am acting accordingly. In a Communist Italy my estate would be confiscated, without compensation of any kind. It is even doubtful whether I myself, with my social background, would be able to keep my job as a professor of archeology. As things are now, I can at least produce an estate with everything prepared for its transformation into a collective farm. Maybe, thanks to my Party merits, I will be able to keep my job and—who knows?—one or two rooms in this place, which I have already proposed be transformed into a rest home for tired Party intellectuals."

"But you must admit," I said, "that all these provisions might fail, for one reason or another. The present capitalistic conditions of life might show a surprising vitality and last for a long time."

Count Bandinelli smiled.

"Well, in this not very probable case, I can benefit as a Communist from exceptionally good and smooth relations with my fellow Communist dependents. Far better than any other landowner in Tuscany. None of the strikes, agitations, sabotage or occupation of land by the farm workers, such as all the others have to cope with. . . . Do you still consider me unrealistic or eccentric?"

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McCarran's Blunderbuss

A realistic look at the Anti-Subversive law—and what can be done about it.

By CHRISTOPHER EMMET

THE McCarran Anti-Subversive bill is a classic example of the defects of hasty legislation passed on the eve of an election. It represents the worst type of democratic compromise. The majority of Congress wanted stringent anti-subversive legislation before going to the polls because there was overwhelming evidence of popular support. The minority, backed by the administration, opposed this legislation but produced no substitute of its own until the eleventh hour, when the Kilgore bill, which dealt with only one small segment of the field, was introduced.

The President made it clear in advance that he opposed the majority's proposals. The proper democratic compromise would have been to make concessions to meet the President's objections halfway, or nearly halfway, by eliminating some of the more controversial passages either in order to avoid a veto, or to secure a large enough majority to defeat the veto. But Congress had neither time nor temper to make this sort of compromise. Instead, the leaders, in their haste for adjournment, piled up a catch-all majority by combining the Kilgore bill, which the administration proposed, with *all* the measures which the administration opposed. Thus the final bill was more sweeping and severe than the one which the President had originally threatened to veto.

Worse still, it was a shocking example of political cynicism. Up to the last each side had declared the other's proposals to be unconstitutional, yet each side ended by voting for all the proposals. Only a handful of conscientious senators, including Senators Douglas, Humphrey, Lehman and Kefauver, ended by voting against the bill.

★

THE bill includes three entirely separate parts, of conflicting political origins, to deal with separate phases of the Communist danger. One section consists of the original Mundt-Nixon-Ferguson bill which provides for the registration of Communists and Communist front groups. It does *not* outlaw the Communist party but it does subject the officers of Communist organizations and Communist front organizations to certain inconveniences and restrictions.

It prevents Communists from traveling abroad. It forces Communist organizations to reveal the source of their funds. It provides for the labeling of Communist organizations, literature and propaganda, and as such might be compared in principle to our truth in advertising, or Pure Food and Drug Laws. On the other hand, all of these provisions have been attacked by the President as cumbersome, unworkable or unconstitutional.

This section of the bill was overwhelmingly passed by the House of Representatives two years ago, and received similar approval from public opinion polls. Since the Korean war it has received increasing support. Whether one likes it or not, it cannot fairly be described as hasty or hysterical legislation. Rather, it is long-considered legislation which has been improved in the last two years by added safeguards, to protect the right of appeal to the courts. There is every evidence that right or wrong, most Americans approve it.

Another part of the bill, Sections 100-117, includes the internment proposals of Senator Kilgore, with modifications to meet constitutional objections. This part will only apply in case of war, or such widespread danger as would lead the President to declare a national emergency, and provides for the internment of Communists after such an emergency is declared.

The important change in Senator Kilgore's original bill (which was supported by all the Administration Senators) was the added proviso in the McCarran bill that interned Communists would retain the right of habeas corpus. In his veto message the President objected that this addition would neutralize the effectiveness of the internment provisions. But since the Constitution specifically provides that the right of habeas corpus cannot be lifted except in insurrection or invasion, there seems enough doubt about the constitutionality of the Kilgore bill as to lend plausibility to the GOP charge that the real purpose of its sponsors was to get the anti-subversive legislation thrown out by the Supreme Court.

CHRISTOPHER EMMET *is chairman of the board of Common Cause, Inc.*

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THE third part of the bill, Sections 22-30, is the one which threatens the breakdown of the whole legislation. It includes pet ideas of Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada and deals with McCarran's favorite subject, immigration. The Senator has made no secret of his desire to exclude everybody he can from the US. He tried it in his long obstruction of the Displaced Persons Bill and managed to delay that legislation for over a year. He has now achieved his purpose by the back door. For the sections of this new bill are so sweeping that they have already led the US Government to cancel all outstanding visas until it can be determined who, if anyone, can meet the requirements of the bill.

No one, except perhaps Senator McCarran, foresaw its full effect, for the groups and nations hardest hit by the immigration sections of the new bill are not Communist at all—but include all ex-Communists and refugees from Communism, as well as many Italians, Austrians, Germans, Yugoslavs, Spaniards, and perhaps citizens of the Argentine.

However, it is only fair to add that if the bill now includes some disastrous features the fault must be shared by the administration as well as by Senator McCarran. For despite overwhelming evidence of a public demand for some legislation to curb subversive activities, the administration introduced no legislation of its own until the eleventh hour, and the President voiced his opposition to all sections of the bill, whereas if he had concentrated his fight against the impossible immigration provisions they, at least, might have been defeated.

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ON THE other hand there seems to be no validity to Senator Ferguson's charge that the administration is deliberately misinterpreting the law in the narrowest possible manner in order to discredit it. The law itself not only contains incredibly sweeping provisions but permits very little discretion in their enforcement, the excuse being that the administration is supposed to have enforced previous immigration laws too laxly.

The law permanently bans from this country (or makes liable for deportation) any alien who was at any time a member "of any section, subsidiary, branch, affiliate or subdivision of a totalitarian association or party." It defines totalitarian very broadly, so that even under an honest interpretation practically anyone who has ever been a citizen of any totalitarian country may run afoul of one or more of its provisions.

For instance, it forbids entry to persons who have distributed or disseminated totalitarian literature. That could exclude anyone who worked as a newsboy or as a bookstore messenger in Italy, Germany or Austria. It might even make an alien who had worked in any American public library liable to deportation, since the works of Karl Marx and Hitler's *Mein Kampf* are included in the books circulated. Some 13 million Germans were collectively incorporated into the Arbeits Dienst under Hitler, and deductions were made from their wages without consulting them. They could be classified under the bill as former members of a Nazi affiliate. And yet the wage-earning group, as a whole, was the most democratic and anti-Nazi section of the population. Similar absurdities abound in connection with Italy. No wonder the law has been interpreted in Germany and Italy as a racist law which condemns and excludes whole generations of the Italian and German peoples.

As for the bill's alleged anti-Communist effect, it prevents our offering asylum to Russian or satellite officials, officers and technicians who risk their lives if they desert the Soviets, and for whom the greatest inducement to do so is the hope that they may eventually find sanctuary in America.

It is true, as Senator Ferguson said, that the law does permit the government to make *temporary* exceptions in the case of distinguished or important foreigners, whose visits are considered to be in the national interest. But every one of these exceptions must be reported to Congress and is subject to Congressional attack as an attempt by the administration to circumvent the law. In many cases this would compel the Attorney General to help the Communists by revealing just what valuable services the alien was expected to render.

As far as temporary visas are concerned it is also true that representatives of foreign governments can be excepted. This means that the law could be partly evaded if the German and Italian governments use the Soviet technique of calling every visitor a diplomatic or government agent—which in the Russian case he actually is. But this prevents any unofficial, people-to-people exchange which is the basis of our re-education policy in Germany.

Lastly, the bill has already had a damaging effect on European confidence in America's leadership in the cold war, a confidence which had been partly restored by our success in Korea. It must be remembered that European liberals and intellectuals have been partly led by Communist-inspired propaganda to believe that there is such an anti-Red hysteria in America that it might lead us to launch a preventive war, or inspire some indiscretion which would precipitate war.

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The absurdities of the McCarran bill are perfectly calculated to fit in with this mood and strengthen this line of Communist propaganda.

★

THERE has probably already been ample publicity about the unforeseen effects of the bill to convince the great majority of Americans that the immigration sections, at least, should be repealed. It is true that opinion polls have indicated a large majority support for the Mundt-Nixon bill, but the polls indicate an equally large majority in favor of the liberal Displaced Persons law and *against* the views of Senator McCarran—the same views which are expressed in the immigration sections of the McCarran bill. Congress also voted against McCarran on the DP issue. *Hence the hope of a speedy repeal of the immigration sections,* 22-30, *depends on divorcing the fight against them from the fight against the bill as a whole.*

For although many of those who oppose the immigration sections also oppose the Mundt-Nixon-Ferguson parts of the bill, the votes in Congress as well as the opinion polls indicate why the two issues should be kept apart. Those who oppose the Mundt-Nixon sections of course have every right to advocate their removal, but there is every reason to believe that it will be a long fight, whereas we cannot afford to wait for the repeal of the disastrous and unworkable immigration provisions.

Theoretically it would be better to draft an agreed substitute for the immigration sections of the bill instead of asking for straight repeal, but even this might involve a dangerous delay. They should be repealed the moment Congress reconvenes while substitute proposals can be drafted at leisure, especially as our present immigration laws already stringently exclude Communists or Nazis.

If and when further legislation is required, it would seem that the only formula which could make McCarran's restrictions workable would be to give the government wider discretionary powers in the admission of former members of totalitarian parties. This discretion could be properly confined to consideration of the following criteria: (1) How long had the applicants for a visa been members of such a party? (2) How long ago did they quit the party? (3) How old were they when they joined? (4) How *freely* did they join, or to what degree were they subject to threats or pressure? (5) What evidence have they given of a real change of view since they joined? (6) What services have they rendered, or can they be reasonably expected to render, in the cause of freedom, if they are given sanctuary in the United States?

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Tommy Lewis of the Bronx

A FEW months ago Francis Downing wrote a fine piece in this column on the subject of "Dictatorship and John L. Lewis." It seems that a miner named Dickmon lost his job for calling Lewis "an arrogant dictator" and accusing him of not making financial reports to the membership. Dickmon himself wrote an article for *Collier's* about it and *Collier's* pays well, even if the money did have to be split with Walter Davenport. Dickmon got something in return for his job, but it is not likely that any of the men who lost their jobs, and their homes, for saying similar things about Thomas F. Lewis are ever going to have an article published in *Collier's.*

John L. Lewis is big time. If you don't know about Lewis you don't know about Santa Claus. Tommy Lewis is small time, but then he is young yet, in his early thirties. A man with absolute power over 3,500 men reaching into the largest apartment houses in the Bronx is not one to be scorned. Think of the possibilities around election time.

Thomas F. Lewis is president of Local 32E, Building Service Employees International Union, AFL, a union of building superintendents. That was the home local of George Scalise, who did make the big time. He not only made it, he did it—ten to twenty years up the river for stealing $60,000 from the international treasury. He was president of the union—the international, that is—and it was he who appointed young Lewis general organizer of 32E, the number 2 spot in the local. That was during an interval when Scalise had to take over the local because the former president, Sam Abrams, had just gone to Sing Sing for extorting $100,000 from Bronx landlords. A few months later Scalise joined Abrams. Lewis himself has been arrested five times—for rape, assaulting a policeman, assaulting a union member, vehicular homicide and conspiracy—but he is still at large. Very much so.

★

I KNOW seven men who have lost their jobs and their homes for criticizing Lewis and the way he runs the union. The first was Edward Vatcher, the last decent president the local had. The manner of getting rid of Vatcher was wonderfully simple: the Lewis henchmen refused to accept his dues for six months and then expelled him for non-payment of dues. That was in 1945. Vatcher was getting old by that time and decided not to fight.

The next was August Thiede. His principal crime was to ask for a copy of the local's revised by-laws. That was on March 4, 1947. The by-laws had been revised

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three times—in 1945, 1941 and 1940—but all that time it had been impossible to see a copy of them, although the international constitution requires that the local by-laws be distributed to every member.

They tried and expelled Thiede, but when he took the case to court he found that he had been expelled under the 1937 by-laws. He lost the case anyway. That was only one of many remarkable victories for Lewis in court. He has many friends on the Bronx bench, but there is no intention of implying that all of these victories were the fruit of such friendships. Much of the credit must go to Jacques Buitenkant, a very smart little man who got started as a labor lawyer back in the 20's and early 30's by handling cases for the Communist Party and allied organizations. Lewis has so much legal work that he retains Buitenkant on a full-time basis.

Lately Jacques got into the papers when he was indicted by the Federal grand jury in New York on Sept. 29, 1950 for income tax evasion. Uncle Sam says Jacques failed to report $28,510 in his 1944 tax report and $23,841 for 1945.

When you consider Buitenkant's background it is ironic to note that he often appears in court to defend Lewis's expulsion of some unfortunate superintendent on the ground that the man has violated a section of the local by-laws which reads (Paragraph S, Section 13): "Members shall not join in any movement that will obstruct, retard, impede, or impair the progress of this organization, that may impair the morale of the AFL, or any American institution, our international or our Local union, are subject to expulsion from the organization" (*sic*).

The irony does not occur to most of those who are under threat of expulsion. Most of them live in the building where they work. The superintendent's apartment goes with his job. Lewis has union shop contracts with the Bronx landlords, which means that if the superintendent loses good standing in the union the landlord is forced to evict him. Or Buitenkant will be on his neck with a court order. Or pickets will be walking up and down outside and the fuel trucks, manned by AFL teamsters, won't deliver the coal or oil that is the lifeblood of an apartment house. And it is not necessary for a man to be expelled from the union in order to be driven from his home. It is enough if the officers have only declared him "suspended."

★

THEN there is Hubert Albertz, a man about the same size as Buitenkant, who is driven by a tremendous craving for justice and an equally large determination to see that some day it will be done. Albertz made the mistake of getting up at a meeting in 1946 and protesting the increase in the local dues from $3 to $5. Some of the men make as little as $80 a month, and the dues had just been increased from $2 to $3 the year before. Since the initiation fee is $100 and there are frequent assessments it can be seen that the percentage of income drained off to the officers of Local 32E is among the highest in the labor movement.

Twelve days after that meeting Albertz' landlord fired him. Lewis didn't even have to expel or suspend him. But Albertz wasn't one to give up so easily. He had a wife and two children, but he got another job and went on fighting. Finally, in March of 1947 Lewis expelled him for violating Article 26 of the local by-laws:

"Dissension: Any member found guilty of an offense discreditable to the Union or who endeavors to create dissension among the members, who works against the interest and harmony of the Union or who advocates the dissolution or division of this Union, shall be fined or expelled, as the Executive Board may direct."

Albertz got another job in a non-union building and went on fighting. But even there he was not safe. Lewis could not organize the building but he was able to exert enough pressure to make the landlord put Albertz and his family on the street again. Albertz had to leave the Bronx and find a job in another borough in order to work at his trade at all. Fortunately, the Lewis empire is still limited in size up to now.

It was Albertz who went to the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists down on Lafayette Street and first got them interested. For nothing but love—love of justice and decency—Roger Larkin of the ACTU and John Harold, one of its attorneys, put in days and weeks of their time trying to help the men of 32E and save their jobs and homes at least. Harold, one of MacArthur's top labor aides in Japan, must have given several thousand dollars worth of first-rate legal talent to the fight. He lost finally because neither he nor the ACTU nor the men involved could put up the $1,000 needed for the printing of court papers.

The ACTU helped the men organize a Committee for Decent Democratic Unionism in Local 32E. The principal points in the group's program were: publication of certified semi-annual financial reports; secret ballot elections run by an elected committee; and an elected committee to distribute job openings.

For this George Cammarata, secretary-treasurer of 32E and Lewis's righthand man, described the leaders of the Committee in court as follows: "Their hands are dirty with a cheap conspiracy, conceived in lust and dedicated to destruction. . . . People with dirty hands have no place in a court of equity."

This same Cammarata, mind you, was secretary-treasurer of the local during the administration of Sam Abrams, the man who worked his position as president for $100,000 with never an unkind word from Cammarata that I have ever heard of. This is the same Cammarata, mind you, who was appointed to a job in 32E by Scalise, the big-time racketeer, after the latter took over 32E, the same man who wrote in the union paper a few months before Scalise went to jail, "We are particularly proud of our general president, Mr. George Scalise . . . a darned good man for the job and a swell guy."

This is the same Cammarata who was caught making flatly contradictory statements when he registered to vote in the elections of 1945, 1946 and 1948. A man of nerve and imagination, as anyone can see.

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IN order, during 1948 and 1949, the following leaders of the Committee for Decent Democratic Unionism walked the plank: Sam Myers, Frank Davenport and Joe Ach. In the trials of all three Edward Harris, vice-president of 32E, served as both accuser and chief judge, sitting as chairman of the trial board. In all three only five days' notice was given and no charge was made other than the charge of violating such vague sections of the by-laws as are quoted above. The international constitution says that no member may be tried unless he has received ten days' notice and "specific charges" in writing.

As far as I know there are no opposition leaders left in 32E operating above ground. Myers, a brave and capable man, took off for Maine. Ach and Rosset moved their families out of the Bronx and got jobs elsewhere. Albertz continues to fight from outside the union.

It is part of the mystery of evil perhaps. But there is no mystery to the problem of ending the dictatorship of Lewis and others like him who befoul the name of labor in this country. Francis Downing, in his piece on the other Lewis, wound up with a plea for special courts "to which every worker may freely go to prove his case and ask for redress of his grievance."

Under the Taft-Hartley Act no man, even in a union shop, may be thrown out of his job for any union offense other than failure to pay dues. It is one remedy for a real evil, but like most of Taft-Hartley's remedies, it is half-baked. The problem is to protect a man's right to stay in the union.

Downing's solution would do it. Several years ago the ACTU proposed a similar solution, suggesting that union members have the right to appeal to the national or to state labor boards when they have been thrown out of their jobs or subjected to other major penalty for intra-union activity.

Apartment houses are considered to be intra-state commerce and so even the half-baked protection of the Taft-Hartley Act is not available to the unlucky members of Local 32E. And the Republicans in Albany, including Thomas E. Dewey, have shown little interest in their plight.

The Post Home News, Bronx edition of the New York *Post,* showed a lively interest in it for a time. They assigned a reporter to investigate. He spent five months on the job and wrote a series of twelve articles which I have read and which are full of accurate, interesting, horrible and newsworthy information. I have drawn upon them extensively for many of the facts in this piece. But for some strange reason the articles never appeared in print. During one conversation with the *Post* reporter Buitenkant shouted that if the articles ever appeared he might parade two or three thousand 32E members up the Grand Concourse with banners denouncing the *Post.*

The *Post* likes to think of itself as a crusading liberal newspaper. I don't know the answer, but it could be that this particular crusader is just suffering from a big empty hole where his guts should be.

JOHN C. CORT.

Communications

Atomic War

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Thanks to COMMONWEAL for publishing Fr. Connell's and Gordon Zahn's articles on bombing [Sept. 29]. From the give and take of thought on this difficult problem a true solution may finally emerge.

If it is always the one who seeks who finds, it also usually is that the one who seeks must submit to criticism. Fr. Connell is to be congratulated for his careful study of warfare; but I wish, simply to raise the issue, to question one of his statements, that "Catholic theology contains a thorough treatment of the moral principles pertinent to the waging of war."

This is not universally accepted. Some other theologians say that Catholic teaching needs to be reformulated if it is to suffice for modern times. Who is right?

Here are two points:

1. Pius XII says the "multitudes . . . are today firmly convinced . . . that had there been the possibility of censuring and correcting the actions of public authority, the world would not have been dragged into the vortex of a disastrous war, and that to avoid for the future the repetition of such a catastrophe, we must vest efficient guarantees in the people itself." In what concrete terms have theologians defined such control?

2. The Pope has also made it clear that war is sometimes not merely just but necessary. The defense of some goods is "an obligation for the nations as a whole who have a duty not to abandon a nation that is attacked." But if, in such a case, it is a requirement for the nations as a whole, is it also a requirement of any individual nation, or any individual person? These are by no means clear, although they may seem to follow at first thought. The evidence seems conflicting.

Our Baltimore *Catechism,* No. 3, Par. 246 (d) has "Citizens are obliged to help their country wage a just war. They must serve in the armed forces if the government commands them to do so unless they are convinced from adequate and unquestionable evidence that the war is unjust."

Against this, the *Syllabus of Errors* of Pius IX, No. 32, has condemned the proposition that "The personal immunity exonerating the clergy from military service may be abolished, without violation either of natural right or of equity. Its abolition is called for by civil progress, especially in a community constituted upon principles of liberal government." Clergy are of course citizens, and as men, subject to the natural law. Pius XI's encyclical on Saint Francis contains somewhat similar remarks on conscription.

These are, I believe, but two matters which need more

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attention. Wouldn't it be better to say that our theology contains by implication all the answers, and that by strenuous study, we can hope to bring out some of these implications?

JOHN DOEBELE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editors: . . . Despite the argument of [Father Connell], I am inclined to agree with Mr. Zahn that the degree of difference in the destructive character of an A-bomb is such as to put it in a different class from other weapons in the indiscriminateness of the destruction which it achieves. This is a matter not merely of the range of its destructiveness but also of the time-span, which increases its effects upon civilians.

Behind this issue are, however, two others. Under the conditions of modern total war, it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish between innocent and guilty members of an enemy nation. Are the civilians engaged in production contributing to warfare any less guilty than the actual combatants? I am not arguing for wholesale bombings of civilian populations, but pointing to the complexity of the issue.

The other issue is the old moral problem of means and ends: does a good end (e.g., a just war) justify the employment of *any* means employed for its realization? All means used have consequences other than the ends envisaged; and these consequences may negate the ends sought. I should like to see more discussion of this phase of the problem.

EDWIN E. AUBREY,
Professor of Religious Thought,
University of Pennsylvania.

"And Who Is My Neighbor?"

Peosta, Iowa.

TO the Editors: Thanks for Father Dunne's admirably written, "And Who Is My Neighbor?" [Oct. 13]. . . . There is still, I regret to say, considerable social prejudice against persons of color in some of the clergy, and it's most unfortunate. I meet between 700 and 800 visiting priests a year and the gossip of the whole country flows across the guest house table here. In Chicago, for example, some Negroes have stayed away from church because their children were not admitted to the parochial school. It really is time now for United States citizens to grow up.

(REV.) EDWARD M. GALLAGHER,
Professor of Moral Theology
and Sacred Scripture,
New Melleray (Trappist) Seminary.

The Stage

CALL ME MADAM

THERE are two ways to write a musical comedy. One is to get an idea, the other is to get people. Rodgers and Hammerstein have been making history with the idea method, and currently Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse are making hay with the other. Their "Call Me Madam" is a throwback to an earlier form in which the authors start with a star, fashion book and songs explicitly for the star, and then employ skilled help in all other departments to make sure the star is not needlessly interrupted. What is surprising in this day of 'integrated' musical comedy, fully developed ballets, and at least better coordinated plots is that the older method pays off so well.

"Call Me Madam" does pay off. In presenting Ethel Merman as a Perle Mesta-style ambassadress to Europe, Lindsay and Crouse have written her characteristic lines rather than a character. Irving Berlin has composed songs for Miss Merman to sing, rather than a score for a show. George Abbott has kept the stage from getting cluttered up around her, and Jerome Robbins is present only to back and fill with occasional dancing. The point is that Miss Merman is well worth all the attention given her, and the other talents involved, even though they are not asked to make fresh and personal contributions, have so much intelligence and so much skill that they are able to make an entirely pleasant evening out of an entirely calculated one.

This is mass collaboration on a bread-and-butter plane. If it doesn't provide you with the most original or exciting musical comedy you ever saw, it also spares you any over-ambitious bungling. The people all know what they are about, and they go about it conscientiously.

Of the collaborators, Ethel Merman naturally comes off best, and Jerome Robbins, who is a product of the newer school of musicals, naturally comes off worst. Miss Merman is lusty, emphatic, and irresistible. Mr. Robbins probably ought not to have taken the job. The indifferent plot structure gives him no opportunity to dance any part of the narrative, or even anything related to it, and while he makes a peasant dance in the village square about as good as a peasant dance in the village square can be, this is work for a lesser talent. Irving Berlin falls somewhere between the two. Several of his numbers, particularly "It's a Lovely Day Today" and "You're Just In Love" are the best Berlin, but the body of the score seems mechanical and sometimes monotonous. Of the secondary people involved, Paul Lukas does some difficult monologues very well, and Russell Nype is a real discovery as the juvenile.

My only objections to the evening were two: Miss Merman's ungenerous deportment in not sharing the

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"You're Just In Love" bows with Mr. Nype; and a straight campaign song called "They Like Ike." This last seemed to me in such gratuitous bad taste that I would have sworn it would kill either the show or Mr. Eisenhower's chances. So far it hasn't hurt the show. I am waiting to see what happens to Eisenhower. (*At the Imperial*)

LEGEND OF SARAH

MAGAZINE reviewers go to second nights, and it would take someone less curious than I am to refrain from reading the daily notices. Having read some of them on "Legend of Sarah," by the end of the second act I was prepared to vote it the most underrated comedy of the season. Whereupon the authors promptly tripped me up by writing a third act so completely helter-skelter, so entirely without focus or even purpose that the final curtain found the play's virtues hopelessly dissipated. James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau, who wrote the play, are not without their virtues. Their dialogue is usually literate and frequently funny, though they have not yet mastered the trick of putting the humor in an emphatic position in the line and letting the literacy fall where it may. Their characters are reasonably well-defined and they are actable, though they are frequently forced into broad pieces of business, such as throwing dishes, which are more studied than spontaneous. Their story, about a lengendary American heroine whose exploits are found to have been more amatory than patriotic, is also workable enough, and was simply unlucky in its similarities to this season's earlier and inferior "Southern Exposure." But the authors, whose forte has been the social problem play, are not yet sufficiently at ease in comedy. They feel compelled to punch up the play now and then with meaningless quarrels and arbitrary horseplay, and in the last act, when their plot has run out on them, desperation sets in, and their own discomfort in the form is communicated to the audience.

To get back to those daily notices, I am dismayed by the disservice which is frequently done to the director of a wobbly play. If he attempts to compensate for, and to cover up, the inadequacies of the play by injecting a certain amount of vigor into the staging, his work is usually dismissed as "frenetic," as though what he ought to have done was let the play settle on its ineptitude. Benn Levy's direction of "Legend of Sarah" was so dismissed in some quarters, though it struck me as being both brisk and economical, and not really responsible for any straining that wasn't demanded by the script. The performances, which were generally excellent, would seem to confirm this. Ethel Griffies, Tom Helmore and others in the company are good actors in their own right, but they seem completely at home in the direction, as, say, equally good performers in "The Gioconda Smile" do not. (*At the Fulton*)

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The Screen

Three to Get Ready

ARDENT admirers of W. Somerset Maugham will brook no adverse criticism of this estimable writer; so there is not much point, for the purposes of a review of a new film based on Maugham stories, to enter the fray again on the greatness or permanent value of this author. The film makes obvious two Maugham characteristics about which there is little argument: the thinness of his material and the perfection of his craftsmanship. In the introduction to *"Trio,"* the master himself appears and says: "You liked 'Quartet' so much we're trying again." This time you are given a series of three unrelated short stories; and if their themes are even more slight than those in the last picture, you are at least rewarded with smoothly polished plots, exceptionally fine acting and some highly amusing entertainment. Who, in times of stress like these, can ask for more? Who, indeed?

The first two parts of "Trio" are really character sketches that end with an O. Henry twist. It is to the credit of Ken Annakin who directed these two pieces and to the writers with whom Maugham collaborated on the scripts that they come through so well as cinema in spite of their talkiness. In the title role of the first item, *"The Verger,"* James Hayter gives a flawless performance as a likable old man who can neither read nor write. The new vicar offers him an opportunity to learn, but the verger, feeling "too old a dog to learn new tricks," refuses—and then is fired as "a matter of prudence as well as principle." On his way home, the ex-verger notices that there is no tobacco shop in the neighborhood; so he takes his savings and opens one; and he makes a lot of money; and in time he opens another and another. And years later when he's very wealthy, an astonished banker asks him to consider where he'd be if he'd had an education. And our nice and very rich old man replies that if he'd been able to read and write he'd still be a verger.

This little tale is done so well that you'll be all aglow at its end. This glow burns out somewhat during the second piece which is about a very unpleasant fellow, a jeweler who makes himself thoroughly unpopular on a ship voyage by continually blowing his own trumpet. ("Or what's a trumpet for?") In the title role of *"Mr. Knowall,"* Nigel Patrick gives an interesting portrayal of a type we all have met; and fortunately by the time the incidents have piled up to the point at which we find ourselves almost as bored with this wise-guy as are his fellow-passengers, Mr. Maugham pulls the trick that proves Mr. Knowall has a heart somewhere beneath his thick skin. At the end when you realize that this obnoxious character had to tell a lie and eat humble pie to establish himself as a gentleman, you wonder just who is fooling whom.

THE final, longest and most serious section of "Trio" concerns a group of people in a tubercular sanatorium in Scotland, particularly two patients who fall in love. The girl, pretty and virtuous (Jean Simmons) could, if she stays in the sanatorium and takes care of herself, live for many years. The man, handsome and dashing (Michael Rennie) with an unsavory reputation for being fast, has at the most only two years. The reactions to this romance by the various people living in this unnatural setting are fascinating to watch. As might be expected from a writer as cynical as Maugham, any ideas about the ennobling qualities of suffering are dissipated. The old ladies are vicious in their gossip; the senior residents gripe endlessly; two supposedly chummy Scotsmen (John Laurie, Finlay Currie) continue their long-standing, spiteful quarrel; and one dour individual, who spends the whole month waiting for his wife, hates her when she comes because she is so healthy. As the central character in this story, a novelist through whose eyes we see most of the events (and who could very well be Maugham), Roland Culver gives another of his smooth, pleasing performances. The ending to *"Sanatorium"* is a bit sweet for Maugham. Our patients who have an illness that brings out the best and worst in people, allow their best to show when the lovers decide to marry and bravely face the future. Once again Maugham manages to leave you with a glow.

★

HOLLYWOOD is taking another try at a three-part story—not with unconnected parts like "Trio," but more in the vein of "A Letter to Three Wives" which weaves the strands of three lives into one theme. At the beginning of *"Three Secrets"* we learn that a five-year-old boy has been trapped high up on a mountain after the death of his foster parents. And then we soon discover that each of three women, who have learned of the accident and the circumstances surrounding the boy, has a right to suspect that she may be the child's mother: Eleanor Parker, who is now married to Lief Erickson, remembers back to the war and the affair she had with a soldier and afterward when she gave away her child for adoption; reporter Patricia Neal remembers how she left her husband (Frank Lovejoy) for a job and when she discovered she was pregnant she also discovered that her indignant husband had divorced her; ex-convict Ruth Roman remembers back to the racketeer whom she once loved and later killed—her baby was born in prison.

Director Robert Wise manages to get tremendous suspense out of these three stories and their conclusion in the present. Which woman is the mother; and who will get the little boy if he is rescued from the mountain? At times the moral issues involved in these interwoven plots get pushed badly out of shape; and your sympathies are not too strongly with any of the women. But the performances by the three leads are excellent. And I'll bet that once you become interested in all the questions raised, you won't leave the theater until the final riddle is answered—rightly or wrongly.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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The Case of Mr. Hemingway

By EVELYN WAUGH

MR. ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S long-expected novel has been out for some weeks, and has already been conspicuously reviewed by all the leading critics. It is now impossible to approach it without some prejudice either against the book itself or against its critics, for in England their disapproval has been unanimous. They have been smug, condescending, derisive, some with unconcealed glee, some with an affectation of pity; all are agreed that there is a great failure to celebrate. It is the culmination of a whispering campaign of some years' duration, that "Hemingway is finished."

I read the reviews before I read the book, and I was in the mood to make the best of it. Mr. Hemingway is one of the most original and powerful of living writers. Even if he had written a completely fatuous book, this was not the way to treat it. What, in fact, he has done is to write a story entirely characteristic of himself, not his best book, perhaps his worst, but still something very much better than most of the work to which the same critics give their tepid applause.

★

IT IS THE story of the death of an old soldier. He knows he is mortally ill, and he chooses to spend his last days in and near Venice, shooting and making love. The book is largely a monologue. The veteran ruminates bitterly over old battles. He exults in his young mistress. And all is written in that pungent vernacular which Mr. Hemingway should have patented.

It may be conceded at once that the hero is not an attractive character. He is a boor and a bore, jocular, humorless, self-centered, arrogant; he rose to command a brigade, but he is consumed by the under-dog's resentment of his superiors both in the army and elsewhere; the last man, in fact, to choose as one's companion in Venice. But these reviewers have been telling us for years that we must not judge novels by the amiability of their characters, any more than we must judge pictures by the beauty of their subjects. Mr. Hemingway makes a full, strong portrait of his obnoxious hero.

The heroine, a very young Venetian, is strangely unchaperoned. If social conventions have indeed relaxed so much since I was last in that city, this young lady's behavior provides ample evidence that the traditional, rigid code was highly desirable. But are our reviewers the right people to complain of her goings-on? I think

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EVELYN WAUGH *is the author of Helena, which was published last month. His novels include Brideshead Revisited, and A Handful of Dust.*

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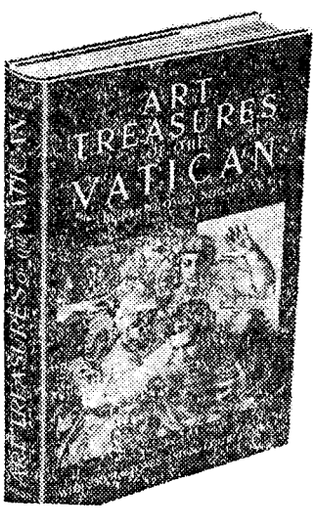

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it is the troubador in Mr. Hemingway which impels him to ennoble his heroines. He did the same thing in his first, startlingly brilliant *Fiesta*. There is a strong affinity between that book and this. How it delighted and impressed us a quarter of a century ago! How flatly we accept the same gifts today!

Of course, between then and now there have been the shoals of imitators. It was so easy. You have to be an accomplished writer to imitate Henry James. Any journalist can produce a not quite passable imitation of Mr. Hemingway. But it was not only the inventions in technique that impressed us in *Fiesta*. It was the mood. English literature is peculiarly rich in first-class Philistine novelists—Surtees and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, for example. But their characters were always happy. Mr. Hemingway has melancholy, a sense of doom. His men and women are as sad as those huge, soulless apes that huddle in their cages at the zoo. And that mood is still with us.

Across the River and Into the Trees is the nemesis of the philistine. The hero is fifty-one years of age, when the civilized man is just beginning the most fruitful period of his life. But the philistine is done for, a "beat-up old bastard," as he expresses it. He has lived for sport and drink and love-making and professional success, and now there is nothng left for him. He has to be decorated with a physical, mortal illness as with a medal. In accentuation of the pathos of his position, he regards himself as rather cultured and sophisticated. He has been places. He is one with that baffled, bibulous crew of *Fiesta* who thought they were plunging deep into the heart of Europe by getting on friendly terms with barmen; who thought their café pick-ups the flower of decadent European aristocracy. He believes he is the sort of guy for whom the Old Masters painted, and to hell with the art experts.

All of the faults of this latest book were abundantly present in the first; and most of the merits of the first are here again. Why has there been this concerted attack on Mr. Hemingway?

★

IT BEGAN a few months ago with a softening-up blitz in the *New Yorker*. That widely-read paper attached a female reporter to Mr. Hemingway to study him while he was on a holiday in New York. She ate and drank, went shopping and visited art galleries with him, and took careful note of every silly or vulgar thing he said or did during his spree. One might suppose that only a megalomaniac or a simpleton would expose himself to such an ordeal. She made a complete ass of him, of course; not altogether a lovable ass, either. I have never met Mr. Hemingway, but I think it probable that his own boisterous manners have contributed to his present unpopularity.

He has really done almost everything to render himself a "beat-up old bastard." His reputation was unassailable in 1936. Then with much trumpeting, he went to Madrid and Barcelona. Here was something greater than bull-fights and *bistros*. The greatest modern writer was devoting his art to the greatest modern theme. Picasso had painted Guernica; Messrs. Auden and Spender had written something or other; now the great warrior-artist of the New World was going to write the Modern Epic. But it did not turn out like that. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was not at all what the Socialists wanted. They had been busy denying atrocities; Mr. Hemingway described them in detail with relish. They had denied the presence of Russians; Mr. Hemingway led us straight into the front-door of the Gaylord Hotel. He made Marty and la Passionaria as comic as any *New Yorker* correspondent could have done. From then on he was on the wrong side of the barricades for the Socialists, while his pounding revolutionary heart still drove him from civilization.

His sense of superiority to Americans combined with his sense of inferiority to Europeans to give him the sort of patriotism which pleased no one. He could not abide the urban commercial development of his own country; he supposed, rather rightly, that the English were snooty about him, and the French wanted only his dollars. He had a Kiplingesque delight in the technicalities of every trade but his own. He remained, of course, an admirable technician, but, while he could talk for nights to fishermen about their tackle, he was nauseated by the jargon of other writers. Indeed, in this book he uses an American novelist as the typic contrast to his hero; a seedy, industrious fellow in the same hotel, sober, with no young mistress and no scars of battle, and no rollicking jokes with the servants.

★

WHEN the second war came Mr. Hemingway could not be a soldier, and he despised war-correspondents; he became a war-correspondent. There is plenty to account for the bitterness and frustration of his present work. But our critics thrive on bitterness and frustration. They have forgotten that they once raised clenched fists to the red flag in Barcelona. Not more than a handful have been physically assaulted by the man. Why do they all hate him so?

I believe the truth is that they have detected in him something they find quite unforgivable—Decent Feeling. Behind all the bluster and cursing and fisticuffs he has an elementary sense of chivalry—respect for women, pity for the weak, love of honor—which keeps breaking in. There is a form of high, supercilious caddishness which is all the rage nowadays in literary circles. That is what the critics seek in vain in this book, and that is why their complaints are so loud and confident.

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Books

The Life of Mahatma Gandhi. Louis Fischer. Harper. $5.

MAHATMA GANDHI was one of the paramount figures of our time, both as a religious man and as the political leader of his nation. How these religious and political elements not only blend together but really emanate from an unbroken totality, from the innermost soul of this man, is the secret of his personality and the key to his biography. Western men of a period rich in sophistication and poor in metaphysical consciousness are in some difficulty to understand such a man, his intuition, and the spontaneous resonance of a non-secularized nation. Nevertheless, Gandhi is not the perfect type of an Indian guru. It is an essential factor that he received his higher education in England, that he approached even the great works of the traditional Indian poetry and philosophy through the hints of Westerners and in editions prepared by English scholars. Only through his great affinity to the Western world had Gandhi the chance to bring the Western type of nationalism to India, which in all her history was never a united country, and at the same time to be able to found her future on the substance of the Indian heritage.

To bring these points to an Occidental reader, a good insight into the Indian atmosphere is necessary. Such a presentation cannot be given through an intellectual approach from the outside. To understand the strange little man with the loincloth who was to his people the Mahatma, "the Great Soul," a description of India is necessary that makes one feel the rhythm of her life, more different from ours than that of any other country of the globe. You should smell India, hear her voices; know the unrest of people believing in innumerable reincarnations, the nervous desire for hasty salvation and the relativizing of the values of this one life. You should see the graceful walk of these people and the wild fire of their fanatic eyes, the dignity of their prayers and the eccentricity of their emotions, the rapid turns from wild noise to utter silence. This background, essential for a Western reader, is unfortunately lacking in Louis Fischer's voluminous book.

THE great merit of this biography is its critical compilation of material—a very hard and useful work indeed, though limited to the literature in English. On this rich source material Louis Fischer has based his ambitious study. We are aware of his intention to transcend the frog's eye perspective of the reporter and to attain the bird's eye view of the historian. He has not always succeeded, as sometimes he is standing too close to his subject and is not free from pride about his personal interviews with the great Indian. The understanding of the religious depths of the Mahatma is not adequate. Gandhi's mystical life, which was the source of his confidence and steadiness in pursuing his goal, does not stand out clearly. The emphasis is on the political performance of Gandhi and on the melodramatic surface of spectacular events in his life. Thus the work remains wavering between flowery journalism and historical understanding.

In spite of the present autonomy of Hindustan, Gandhi's life is not a happy story of success—not because of his sufferings and imprisonments but because the result of his labors remained beneath his expectations. He had hoped for a united India, he had done everything to bring Hindus and Moslems together and he regarded the separation of Hindustan and Pakistan into two states as unfortunate and a source of future peril. We shall realize soon that even from the British point of view this dualism of India was unfortunate, as it is not the British who will play on it, as they have done in former centuries, but the great forces into which our world is divided. Louis Fischer has some fine pages in which he brings out the tragic side of Gandhi, but they are not fully integrated into a total picture of his personality.

Louis Fischer's biography is a laudable achievement, though lacking in precision and often hurrying over the more profound problems in a trivial or superficial way. The adequate biography of Gandhi will only be written from a congenial understanding of the Indian atmosphere and of the religious roots of his heroic personality.

MAX FISCHER.

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone. Tennessee Williams. New Directions. $2.

MR. WILLIAMS gained considerable attention as the dramatist who wrote *Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire.* In this novel, his first, he extends on the theme of sexual activity as the mainspring of existence. His heroine, a retired American actress, lives in Italy following the death of her husband. After several uneventful alliances she accepts a handsome gigolo, Paolo, who takes her money and her gifts but treats her disdainfully. In a climactic chapter Mrs. Stone dismisses Paolo, and, in a final scene in which she is "drifting, drifting," she invites to her room a street lounger who has exposed himself to her several times.

Briefly, this is a cheap book. The idea is cheap, the treatment is cheap. And the objections are not based on prudish reactions. Sexual preoccupations even if inordinate, perverted, illegitimate, can be understood to have some place in the range of a writer's potential creations. But it does not seem unreasonable to require that childishness, connivance and condescension be avoided when this subject is defined as a motivating force or an attitude.

It is not especially important that Mrs. Stone's passions are meant to signify degeneration. The association of the writer with the unsymbolic actions is there. The tone is that of the schoolboy scandalizing the smaller kids in a corner of the school yard. And the compound urge to boast, to shock and to dwell again on the secret things produces once more that mawkish romanticism peculiar to na-

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turalistic fiction. There is little in this first novel to convince that Tennessee Williams is a serious or a competent artist.

GEORGE MILES.

The Choice. Boris Shub. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.75.

TO this writer our polite diplomatic exchanges with the diplomatic mouthpieces of the Soviet tyranny have seemed increasingly imbecilic; at once an abasement of our own national dignity and a betrayal of the enslaved and suffering Russian people, to whom we should be offering the hope and the means of liberation.

Boris Shub proposes just that as the only practicable alternative to a genocidal atomic war. Shub was political adviser to the Voice of America in Berlin during the blockade. He cites some amazing incidents in support of his conviction that the Russians—not only the masses of half-starved and terrorized workers but even the upper echelons of the Communist Party, the army, and the NKVD—are ready for revolt.

Russian prisoners, liberated and cared for by the American Army of Occupation, face the prospect of return to the motherland with a grim: "Until now we've been treated like human beings; from now on we'll be treated like beasts."

A millionaire Communist novelist, faced with the facts of his political and artistic prostitution, pleads abjectly: "You must try to understand. I've lived under the Soviet system all my life—I've never known anything else—I believe! Do you believe I believe?"

Shub urges that we offer an alliance to the Russian people against Stalin, Beria, Malenkov & Co.; that we invoke the human rights provisions of the UN charter to demand the indictment of this trio for their crimes as concentration camp jailers and torturers; that we appeal to the Soviet army in Eastern Germany which he declares to be already disaffected; that we implement this program with a greatly expanded Voice of America.

For some months sentiment has been gathering for some such shift in American policy. This excellent book, if it gets the attention it deserves, will accelerate a wholesome trend.

JAMES RORTY.

I Believed. Douglas Hyde. Putnam. $3.00.

SHOULD we always look to conversion stories for new ammunition? It is natural to anticipate an arsenal of offensive and defensive weapons when the subject plucked from the burning is as prominent as an editor of the British *Daily Worker*. It would seem to be an ideal chance to find out how wicked the Communists really are and to discover what they are up to.

Mr. Hyde's self-chronicle is, however, of a different sort. He does acknowledge the promiscuity he encountered among Communists in the 1930's, but he cannot conceal his admiration for many of them. There were the underlings who distributed the paper, day after day, at the cost of the greatest personal sacrifice; and there were certain top members of the editorial staff.

Here is the way he introduces Cuthbert, one of his fellow-editors: "Public school and university educated, he had a colorful personality. He loved intrigue, took a keen delight in debunking all and sundry, particularly the members of his own class. He made no attempt to disguise his class origin, as do so many bourgeois Communists, but used it for purposes of communism. With an unshaven chin, two ancient overcoats worn one on top of the other, and holes in his socks, he could, and did, still mix with Cabinet ministers, aristocrats, even royalty. And they all knew that in due course he would 'blow the gaff' on them."

Looking for ammunition of his own in the British Catholic press started Mr. Hyde thinking. He found, for one thing, that the Distributists of the *Weekly Review* had many of the social aims that he had. He had long been interested in Gothic churches and Gregorian chant. Such was the path that led him to his home. *I Believed* is the better autobiography for going light on apologetics.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Medieval Art. W. R. Lethaby. Philosophical Library. $7.50.

THE re-publication of Lethaby's work, revised and edited by D. Talbot Rice, is an interesting event in contemporary art criticism, for it is not frequent that a critic, particularly of the stature of Mr. Rice, undertakes to edit the work of a predecessor of some fifty years. Not that the passage of time necessitates progress in art criticism, but the very amount of material unearthed since Lethaby wrote would seem to render the work inadequate. Thanks, however, to its modest intention (the book was meant only as an introduction), to its cautious enthusiasm and good taste, and also to the editor's careful preface and revision, the average reader will find in it much of actual value.

Lethaby's thesis, that European art from the fourth to the fourteenth century was influenced predominantly by Greek and consequently by Egyptian, Syrian and other Eastern influences rather than by Rome or by autonomous national schools, was rejected by his contemporaries but is now accepted in varying degrees by all art critics. It was a daring theory and although in the author's lifetime art critics had re-discovered the Middle Ages, those Middle Ages were peculiarly confined to the thirteenth century and their artistic appreciation was more often than not a shabby disguise for chauvinism or over-refined aestheticism.

Lethaby's work was one of the first which helped to disclose the unsuspected strength and variety of the Byzantine, Hellenesque and Romanesque art, to justify them, and indeed to point out that even the great art of the high Middle Ages, French Gothic cathedrals for example, could

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not have been conceived without the assistance of certain elements distinctly Eastern in origin.

Today, the excellence and complexity of our best art criticism makes Lethaby's work, which is predominantly an architectural history of art, appear rather schematic. Nevertheless, the art history which he wrote—detailed, sober, suspicious in a British way of all generalities—is a classic of its type, and is infinitely preferable to some trashy literary-artistic incantations which are palmed off today as art criticism.

It is a pity that the high price of the book will not permit its being known widely. Photographs are mediocre, sometimes poor.

SERGE HUGHES.

Justice In Russia: An interpretation of Soviet law. Harold J. Berman. Harvard. $4.75.

A READER who hopes to learn from this book how civil and criminal justice is administered in Russia, will see this hope frustrated. The real topic of the book is Soviet law (as mentioned in the subtitle)—not so much its content as the principles underlying it. Three themes, Mr. Berman believes, are interwoven in Soviet law. First of all there is Socialist law—something that is a self-evident proposition. But not so self-evident is Mr. Berman's identification of Socialism with planning, since there can be planning in "capitalist" society, and, on the contrary, early Soviet Socialism was operated without any plan.

Secondly, says Mr. Berman, Soviet law is Russian law, in our day more conspicuously so than in the first years of the Communist rule. But Russian law, continues Mr. Berman, is a species of Western law; hence Soviet law appears to belong to the Western tradition.

Thirdly, according to Mr. Berman, Soviet law is "parental law." What he really means is not quite clear. This is a law protecting the weak against the strong, but also a law aiming at the legal education of the masses, but also many other things lacking a common denominator. How this third theme is related to the first and the second remains a puzzle, since almost everything declared to be "parental law" could as well have been treated as Socialist or Russian law. Thus, for instance, the definition of criminal negligence presented as an instance of parental law reproduces a statement of criminal code of Russia promulgated in 1903; the same is true of the allegedly Soviet and more specifically "parental" definition of criminal responsibility of mentally defective persons.

When sketching the labor law of the Soviet Union, Mr. Berman manages to make an omission which entirely distorts the picture; he forgets to say that, under the Soviets, the labor unions have no say as to wages, hours or labor conditions. In Mr. Berman's innocent language, "the Soviet state seeks to merge the conflicting interests . . . of management and labor into a larger harmony."

For one who knows Mr. Berman's earlier contributions to the study of Soviet law, the book under review is an enigma. Early in 1949, he published in the *Harvard Law Review*, an article entitled *The Challenge of Soviet Law* in which he boldly asserted that the Americans had much to learn from Soviet law, and in which he committed a number of unpardonable mistakes about the sources of Soviet law, its relationship to pre-revolutionary Russian law, and the latter's relationship to the legal systems of the West. In this book, the basic proposition of the article and the majority of factual errors have disappeared. It seems that, meanwhile, Mr. Berman has gone to school and has learned a lot of things which he did not suspect. But, having done this, he no longer has any real thesis to present and therefore has produced a book that is flat and void of content.

N. S. TIMASHEFF.

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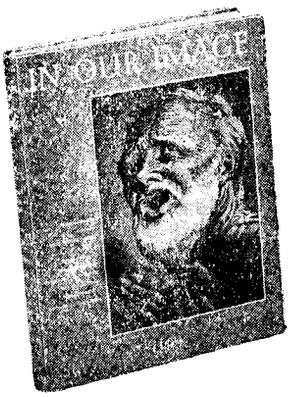

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Mooney. William Brown Meloney. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.00.

THE gold lettering which spelled out the name of Timothy A. Mooney would slip down now and then and look cock-eyed, but everybody in Haviland knew where to go for FUNERALS and FURNITURE. Everybody in town was aware too that Mooney was a good (or wicked, depending on your point of view) man with a bottle. And that he knew everybody's business, seeing that everybody, sooner or later, did business with him.

Mooney was thinking that night, as he fortified himself to do what he had to do for poor Aggie Winters, that he knew everything there was to know about her: the things that were true, and the things they all said which weren't true. When Mooney starts to reminisce (and he's a hell of a man for remembering things when he has a drop taken) and to squint at his thoughts about the present and about the probable future for folks in Haviland—why, there's a book in it. A book that's warm and friendly and tipsy in a nice, homey way, until a melodramatic plot gets into the mixture and the corn becomes mighty alien indeed. When that happens, what started out as a cheerful, rambling business about Mooney and his friends in the upstairs pool parlor becomes tight with conflict and with a sentimental ribaldry that is apparently intended for pretty deep thought. And the result is a kind of slick-magazine job with its taboos down.

Mooney had all the makings of a lively ballad (but spoon me no Spoon Rivers, Messrs. Appleton-Century-Crofts) until the author started getting arch and literary. After a chapter or two the dialogue settles down to an improbable mishmash of slang and impeccable grammar. It's too bad, too, for Mr. Meloney has some engaging observations to make about small-town gossip and other bedeviling aspects of Americana. You either had it or you didn't have it, Mooney used to tell himself. Mooney had it there for a while, but he lost it.

RILEY HUGHES.

Catholic Social Thought. Melvin J. Williams. Ronald Press. $5.00.

THIS volume of 567 pages tries to give a survey and an evaluation of modern Catholic social thought. It is written by a Methodist of commendable good-will. It will be widely used as a reference book, and it may help to acquaint people with some authors who are too little known. But, unfortunately, Mr. Williams' study cannot be regarded as too satisfactory.

The most serious shortcoming is the absence of a clearly defined basic approach. The author not only deals with Catholic scholars and their social thought, but also with Catholic public figures and their social-political activities. He is not always successful in analyzing the differences and similarities of the Catholic and non-Catholic approach. The particular problems facing Catholics in the modern secularized society are not grasped. Important and unimportant authors are linked together—without any distinction. There are too many catalogues of names and works without sufficient descriptions. There are too many factual errors—e.g., Gierke, the well-known German Protestant scholar appears as a Catholic; Father Gundlach is appointed to the faculty of the New School of Social Research. The bibliographies are very incomplete. The work of such important Catholic scholars as Rommen and J. Pieper is not analyzed, whereas some articles (and even unpublished manuscripts) of Franz Mueller are quoted and discussed again and again.

It is too bad that Mr. Williams has published his book in its present form. I am sure that it could have been vastly improved by a careful going-over. WALDEMAR GURIAN.

Who Is My Neighbor? Nigel Balchin. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? is a novel with a purpose, which is to discuss the ethical problems of a scientist whose work is hampered by our modern "security" regulations. Professor Sewell was about to publish, at long last, the results of his researches on disease resistance in animals when he received a visit from Sir Guthrie Brewer, an ex-professor of physics, and a "smoothie," now working for the British Government. Sewell was persuaded not to publish, on account of the bearing his work might have on national defense. The junior scientists in his laboratory were horrified, and discussed the ethics of the subject from every possible angle. One of them even made half-hearted attempts to find a *sub rosa* way of publishing the work. Sewell is represented as an urbane, cultured and very intelligent man, and yet he is the last of the group to realize that when Sir Guthrie said "defense" what he really meant was "attack."

The personal problems are interwoven deftly, and there is a pleasing atmosphere of glass blowing, Petrie dishes and experimental animals, but neither the human situations nor the problem of the use of science for biological warfare are discussed in a way to make any outstanding impression.

ANTHONY STANDEN.

• REVIEWERS •

MAX FISCHER was a correspondent in the Far East. Formerly an editor of *Hochland,* he is now on the faculty of the New School in New York.

GEORGE MILES is a New York critic.

JAMES RORTY writes on politics and economics for *The New Leader* and *Harpers,* among other magazines.

SERGE HUGHES teaches at St. John's University in Brooklyn.

N. S. TIMASHEFF is the author of *The Law of Soviet Russia* and *Three Worlds.*

RILEY HUGHES teaches at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service.

WALDEMAR GURIAN is professor of political science at Notre Dame. He is editor of *The Review of Politics.*

ANTHONY STANDEN is author of the recent best-seller, *Science Is a Sacred Cow.*

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